

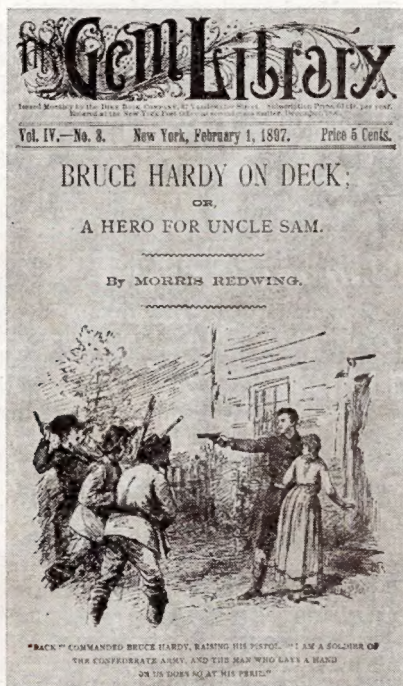
# DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Vol. 57 No. 7

July 15, 1968

Whole No. 430



## DIME NOVEL SKETCHES NO. 103

### THE GEM LIBRARY

This series was published by two publishers, Charles D. Sibley & Son, New York, and Dike Book Co., New York. The information on dates and last issues is still in question. The following is the best information I have. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who can add to it. Publisher: Vol. I and II, Charles D. Sibley & Son, New York, N. Y. Vol. III and IV, Dike Book Co., New York, N. Y. Schedule of Issue: Weekly. Issues: Vol. I, 35 (highest number seen) Vol. II, 21 (highest number seen), Vol. III, 31 (highest number seen), Vol. IV, 3 (highest number seen). Dates: Vol. I October 31, 1891 to June 25, 1892. Vol. II, Oct. 8, 1895 to Feb. 25, 1896. Vol. III, 1896. Vol. IV, Jan. 18, 1897 to Feb. 2, 1897. Price: 5c. Size: 9x5 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Illustrations: Black and white pictorial cover. Pages: 32. Contents: Miscellaneous adventure stories, stories of the Civil War, detective stories, railroad stories, sea stories and some western stories. Volumes III and IV reprinted stories appearing earlier in Volumes I and II.

## The Anatomy of Dime Novels

### No. 10. The Arthur Westbrook Company, Part II

by J. Edward Leithead

But other Westbrook publications were still going, in particular their Adventure Series in paperback book format — "Stories of Adventure and the Far West. The Absolutely True and Authentic History of the Lives and Exploits of America's Famous Bandits." No. 1 was *The Murderer of New Orleans*, No. 3, *The Black Box Murder* and No. 5, *The Passenger from Scotland Yard*, nothing to do with Western outlaws. But No. 2 was *The James Boys and Their Outlaw Band of Border Bandits in Old Missouri* by William Ward (good cover illustration of the gang holding up a train). No. 4 was *Harry Tracy, the Death Dealing Oregon Outlaw* (once a member of Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch), No. 6 was *The Younger Brothers, The Border Outlaws*, No. 7, *The Dalton Gang, The Bandits of the Far West* and No. 8, *Rube Burrow, the King of Train Robbers*. All of these well-written outlaw biographies, with color cover illustrations drawn especially for the series, were by-lined "William Ward". No. 2, about the James Boys, bears a copyright, 1907, by Winn & Judson.

I believe "William Ward" to have been a stock name, for it appeared on all issues of the James-Younger Gang novels—some fiction, some fact—which began with Adventure Series No. 9, *Jesse James' Dash for Fortune*, or, *The Raid on the Kansas City Fair*, for a long run, No. 9 through No. 43 (except, possibly, for two numbers, 42 and 43, which I'll explain shortly) and were by two different authors, St. George Rathborne and T. W. Hanshew. There has been some difference

of opinion about this, one claim being that the Adventure Series "Jesse James novels" were rehashed tales from the New York Detective Library (Frank Tousey, Publisher), with some of the dialogue and most or all of the titles changed. I have compared the style of writing in the Adventure Series with that of John R. Musick, Tousey author (no copy of an F. W. Doughty "James Boys" novel handy to compare), and I can't see that the style is the same. Besides, Carl Greene the detective, and Sheriff Timberlake, both prominent in New York Detective and James Boys Weekly tales are never mentioned in the Adventure Series that I know of (although their names could have been eliminated by a rewrite man, apparently there would have been no good reason for it).

Anyway, I'm betting on Rathborne and Hanshew, authors of the James Boys novels in Street & Smith's Log Cabin Library, that were reprinted in the Jesse James Stories along with new tales by Prentiss Ingraham. The number of original James Boys stories by Rathborne and Hanshew, 31, nearly agrees with the number printed in the Adventure Series, 35, two of them, Nos. 42 and 43, which introduced a detective named Jeff Clayton, who supposedly ran Jesse down instead of his dying by the hand of Bob Ford, probably being re-written by Westbrook's "William Ward," as Detective Clayton was not in the Log Cabin series.

Whereas the Log Cabin novels nearly match the number of Jesse James novels in the Adventure Series, the output of John R. Musick, under by-

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Published monthly at 821 Vermont St., Lawrence, Kansas 66044. Edited by Edward T. LeBlanc, 87 School St., Fall River, Mass. 02720. Second class postage paid at Lawrence, Kansas. Assistant Editor, Ralph F. Cummings, 161 Pleasant St., South Grafton, Mass. 01560. Subscription: \$3.00 per year. Ad Rates—9c per word, \$1.50 per column inch: \$3.25 per quarter page, \$4.50 per half page and \$7.50 per page. Ads should be submitted by the 15th of the month in order to assure publication in the following month's issue.



line "D. W. Stevens" and F. W. Doughty, under by-line "A New York Detective" in New York Detective Library, ran to several hundred issues. As further proof that the outlaw tales by Rathborne and Hanshew were used, I offer this: in Adventure Series No. 34, Jesse James' Blackest Crime, appears a character named Nick Wharton, an old moonshiner. It's a name I've known since boyhood as that of a scout and trapper, with an eccentric horse, Diana, in the Buffalo Bill Stories. It could be coincidence that another oldster named Nick Wharton turns up in a Westbrook novel; or it could indicate that Jesse James' Blackest Crime (under a different title, since the other doesn't appear on the Log Cabin list) was a tale originally written by St. George Rathborne for Street & Smith. Rathborne wrote quite a few Buffalo Bill Stories, was the only author who used Nick Wharton, the scout and his mare, Diana in these stories. So he must have invented them. As a clincher, I might add that after William Wallace Cook and W. Bert Foster took over the writing of the Buffalo Bill Stories, nothing by St. George Rathborne appeared for, roughly, a couple of hundred issues, and then he suddenly contributed three related stories, Nos. 441 through 443, title of the first being Buffalo Bill at Clearwater, or Scouting With Old Nick Wharton. It was Nick Wharton's final appearance after a long absence. I have already shown that Rathborne was inclined to repeat a name that pleased his fancy in the duplication of the sobriquets, "Roaring Bill" Reynolds (Young Rough Riders Weekly) and "Roaring Bill" Bradley (American Indian Weekly No. 28).

Adventure Series No. 43, Jesse James' Fate, or, The End of the Crimson Trail, was the last James Boys story, and the fictitious detective who pursued Jesse to an end quite different from his actual fate, Jeff Clayton, immediately became the hero of a new series of detective tales in Adventure Series, the first being No. 44,

Jeff Clayton's Lost Clue, or, The Mystery of the Wireless Murder. I believe this and all the Jeff Clayton novels that followed it to be new stories. Nos. 44 through 49 were Jeff Claytons, No. 50 was The Kidnapped President by Guy Boothby. Another block of Jeff Claytons, Nos. 51 through 56. No. 57 was Cleopatra, by the English writer of adventure tales, H. Rider Haggard. Between Nos. 58 and 66, 5 Jeff Claytons and 4 Old Sleuths, then, No. 67, King Solomon's Mines by Haggard. Between Nos. 68 and 78, several Jeff Claytons, Old Sleuths and (No. 71) A Prince of Swindlers by Guy Boothby, then No. 79, H. Rider Haggard's most famous book, She. There were three stories of Dr. Nikola by Boothby: No. 92, A Bid for Fortune, or, Dr. Nikola's Vendetta, No. 95, Dr. Nikola, No. 98, Dr. Nikola's Experiment. Altogether, before the Adventure Series came to an end with No. 139, there were 34 Jeff Clayton detective novels. Herewith a sample of Jeff Clayton's exploits from No. 45, Jeff Clayton's Strange Quest, or, On the Trail of a Ghost:

"Jeff Clayton already had risen from the chair in which he had been seated before the sudden alarm. Between him and the door opening into the hallway stood a long table of polished mahogany, on which the broker worked while at home. Not waiting to go around it, the detective fairly dove onto its polished surface, slid its full length and alighted on the floor. In another second he had bounced into the hall.

"Not a person was in sight, the guests and the servants all being out on the lawn in front of the mansion. Then he descried a figure lying prone on the floor at the lower end of the hall. The detective was beside it in an instant, with Harrison Van Tyle only a few feet behind him.

"With the instinct of his profession, Jeff Clayton cast a swift glance about before stooping over the woman lying there. If his quick eyes noted anything untoward he gave no sign.

"Who—who—" gasped the broker.

"Mrs. Van Tyle. Where shall I take



her?"

"Picking up the unconscious woman, Jeff bore her down the hall as lightly as a child. The broker, even in his disturbed state, observed the ease with which his guest carried the burden, which was no light one. It told the host that, for all his apparently slender build, Jefferson Clayton was possessed of unusual strength.

"The door closed behind them. He laid Mrs. Van Tyle on a lounge, placing a hand over her heart, then feeling her pulse.

"Is she—is she—"

"Fright, I think. She will be out of it soon," answered Jeff. "If you have smelling salts, or cologne to bathe her face with . . . both good for an ordinary fainting spell."

"Presently Mr. Van Tyle was bathing his wife's face, chafing her hands, while the detective fanned her vigorously. After a few moments of this she opened her eyes, glancing up, first fearfully, then with returning confidence at the solicitous faces bending over her.

"Oh, what a dream! Was it a dream, Harrison?"

"I'm afraid not, my dear. Something more powerful than a dream. When you feel strong enough please tell us what happened. Mr. Clayton is here to help us. We have nothing to fear now that he has taken this disturbing matter in hand."

"Perhaps you will feel better by the window," suggested Jeff. Again he picked up Mrs. Van Tyle bodily, lifting her gently to the chair where the cool evening breeze from the waters of the Sound drifted in.

"Thank you," she smiled up into the face of the detective. "You are very kind and very strong, Mr. Clayton."

"Will you tell me the cause of your fright?"

"A pained expression appeared in the woman's eyes. 'It was horrible.'"

"Tell me and you will feel better," assured Jeff.

"I had to come to my room for a moment. Just as I was again leaving it I saw that—that terrible ghostly figure in the hallway. It was differ-

ent this time, not as I have seen it before—"

"How different?" questioned Mr. Van Tyle.

"The hair was hanging down over the front of the shoulders, while the face was scarred and covered with blood. Ugh!"

"You see," nodded the broker to his guest.

"I hear," answered the detective. "If you will excuse me I think I shall go outside. I'll talk with you later, Mr. Van Tyle. A few moments rest will fully restore madame, I'm sure."

"With a bow, Clayton hurried from the room, pausing in the hall to look up and down. He even went so far as to pace down the corridor to the spot where the woman had seen the apparition. There the detective made an examination of the floor, after which he proceeded to the lawn.

"Mrs. Cortwright was waiting for him on a bench under an evergreen tree.

"I thought I heard a scream," she greeted him as he approached.

"Might have been a hysterical servant," Jeff replied with a shadowy smile.

"But it wasn't?" the widow looked at him keenly.

"A short time ago," Jeff said, unheeding her question, "you offered me your assistance in case I needed it. Do you know if Miss Margaret is on the grounds?"

"Over there," nodded Mrs. Cortwright.

"Has she been there all the time since I left?"

"I believe so, excepting when she went to the house with her mother, or rather, her aunt."

"Oh, she did accompany Mrs. Van Tyle to the mansion, then?" the detective queried sharply.

"Yes, but I imagine she did not go in. Margaret was back almost at once."

"Before or after you heard the scream?"

"Some moments before. I missed her maid, though."

"What is the maid's name?"

"Helene Ormond."

"Can you tell me where this maid came from and how long she has been in Miss Margaret's employ?"

"I do not know where she came from. She seems to be a discreet, capable girl. Margaret got her shortly after she came to her uncle's house. The girl is maid to both Mrs. Van Tyle and Margaret. She came here ostensibly to be the elder woman's attendant, but divides her time between the two. I think she is all right. Margaret is a lovely girl, isn't she, Mr. Taylor?" (Only the Van Tyles knew who Jeff really was).

"You can hardly expect me to answer that question, having known her for less than three hours," laughed Jeff. "Except to say she's lovely looking."

"Mrs. Cortwright laughed, too. 'I am quite sure you are too observant not to have taken the measure of every man and woman on the grounds.'"

"This time Jeff laughed heartily. 'You will make me conceited.'"

"She raised her eyebrows. 'I think not.'"

"If you will excuse me a moment I think I should like a word with Miss Van Tylea message from her aunt."

"There is nothing wrong with Mrs. Van Tyle, is there?" demanded the widow anxiously.

"She was all right when I left her a short time ago," Jeff replied, and took his departure, followed by the questioning eyes of Mrs. Cortwright.

"I cannot fathom him," she mused. "but I never have met a man who fairly radiated magnetism as he does."

Good dialogue, good enough for a Nick Carter. Whoever wrote the Jeff Clayton series—one writer apparently—hit upon some new angles for whodunits and gave Jeff a variety of detective adventures.

Westbrook published some attractive pocket size novels. One was the Deadwood Dick Library (published twice, the first time by M. J. Ivers & Co., 1899-1900), with tri-colored covers, 32 pages. Featured were the Dead-

wood Dick stories by Edward L. Wheeler from Beadle's Half Dime Library, of course, and also others by Wheeler such as the Rosebud Rob, Sierra Sam and—I was going to say, the Denver Doll series as well, but I understand it was Jesse C. Cowdrick who wrote the series about Denver Doll, the Detective Queen, under Wheeler's name and also the Deadwood Dick, Jr. stories). The Westbrook edition was issued in 1912, 64 numbers.

Also, in 1912, Westbrook reprinted another pocket size series which had been published earlier by Ivers—Beadle's Frontier Series. With color covers and averaging around 100 pages, these stories of the Indian frontier, East and West, were originally published in (George) Munro's Ten-Cent Novels (90 titles) and Beadle & Adams' black-and-white libraries (10 titles). There was a total of 100 numbers in both editions, and I think the color covers greatly improved the look of these little books. The stories were by the best authors of the frontier and Indian tale, Edward S. Ellis, once under his real name, 14 issues under his pseudonym "Captain Latham C. Carleton," Captain Frederick Whittaker, Col. Prentiss Ingraham, Ned Buntline and others. Denis Rogers has done a thorough and complete research of Beadle's Frontier Series in Bibliographic Listing No. 4, published by Edward T. LeBlanc. Suggest you buy a copy if you haven't already done so.

Yet another Western series in pocket size issued by Westbrook was the American Indian Series. I think this must be one of the scarest of nickel or dime novels. It was short-lived, so short that, even though it came out in 1910, when I was young and fascinated by the plentitude of brilliant color cover novels on every hand, I saw but few copies. Because it may be forgotten otherwise, I'd like to include here a listing of it for the record, which was sent me by Ed LeBlanc:

American Indian Series  
Publisher: Arthur Westbrook Co.,



Cleveland, Ohio.

Issues: 20 (advertised) 13 highest number seen.

Publication period: February 1910 to November 1910.

Schedule of issue: Semi-monthly.

Pages: 64.

Size: 6½ x 4¼ inches.

Columns: One to the page.

Price: 5c.

Illustrations: Colored cover, black and white frontispiece.

Author: Bob Walworth (evidently a pseudonym).

Contents: Adventures of Dick Drew in the West. Later issues featured tales of the Northwest Mounted Police.

1. The Magic Rifle, or, Dick Drew Against the Sioux. February 1910.
2. Stoneheart's Treachery, or, Dick Drew Foils the Apaches. February 1910.
3. The Slave of the Yaquis, or, Rescued by Dick Drew. March 1910.
4. Deerfoot's Foe, or, Dick Drew's Revenge. March 1910.
5. Dick Drew's Strategy, or, Fooling the Utes. April 1910.
6. Red Cloud's Oath, or, Dick Drew's Greatest Victory. April 1910.
7. The Chippewa War, or, Dick Drew's Big Campaign. May 1910.
8. Black Bear's Defi, or, Dick Drew Against the Missisaukas. May 1910.
9. On the Firing Line, or, The Northwest Mounted Police on the Trail. June 1910.
10. Young Canada's Mark, or, The Painted Lodge of Loon Lake. July 1910.
11. His Last Bullet, or, Bob Hurricane. August 1910.
12. At the Wind River Ranch, or, The Half-Breed Decoy. August 1910.
13. The Moccasin Pard, or, Lost in the Trackless Timber. Sept. 1910.
14. Alone in the Wilds, or, Sergeant Bob's Bold Game. Sept. 1910.
15. The Chase of the Red Fox, or, Quelling the Indian Mutiny. October 1910.
16. The Timber Cruiser, or, At the Mercy of "Spotted Elk." October 1910.
17. Northwest Ned, or, The Lost In-

dian Trail. November 1910.

18. Trapper Pard, or, The Creeping Catamount of the Crees. November 1910.
19. Cowboy Carl, or, Among the Red Trailers. November 1910.
20. The Snowshoe Trackers, or, Sergeant Bob's Hard Luck. November 1910.

You'll notice that the Northwest Mounted Police were introduced in this series just as they were in the regular novel-sized American Indian Weekly. And I have a strong feeling that, had the American Indian Weekly been successful (and it should have run several hundred numbers!) these stories of Dick Drew and the Northwest Mounted, fighting Indians on our Western plains and in Canada, would have been published in the larger size, for the 64 pages of an American Indian Series tale would have made a long enough story to fill an issue of American Indian Weekly. Well, it can't be said that Arthur Westbrook didn't try—twice!

In their attempt to give Frank and Dick Merriwell some competition, the Westbrook Co. started publishing a pocket size series with well-written stories about a school and college athlete, Jack Standfast. Here's the way it was announced in the back pages of one of their weeklies:

The Boys' Best Weekly. Clean Stories for Boys and Girls: In Jack Standfast, Boys Will Find a Hero Worth Worshipping; Girls Their Ideal of a Clean Cut Fellow. The Exciting Crises of the Athletic Contests Thrill—The Happy-Go-Lucky Life—The Bitter Rivalries of Boarding School and College Fascinate and Enthrall. Only in The Boys' Best Weekly Can be Found Stories That Mothers and Fathers Approve, and Boys and Girls Like. Beginning January 23, 1909, The Boys' Best Weekly Will be Published Every Friday in the Following Order:

1. Jack Standfast at School, or, The Arrival of a Champion.
2. Jack Standfast's Rushes on Tackle, or, Winning the First Game of the Season.

5. Jack Standfast's Great Kick, or, Saving the Game in the Last Minute.
4. Jack Standfast on His Mettle, or, The Great Thanksgiving Game.
5. Jack Standfast's Courage, or, The Fire at the Freshman's Social.
6. Jack Standfast's Honor, or, Teaching His Enemy a Lesson.
7. Jack Standfast to the Rescue, or, Saving a Life on a Frozen River.
8. Jack Standfast and the Finger Print, or, A College Career Almost Ruined.

This attractive 64 page booklet went into the 8 x 10 size with 32 pages with No. 36. That spoiled it for me—the booklet, in this case, I thought much better looking. All cover illustrations were in color. The large copies had a circular illustration with green border. Supposed to come out weekly, there were but 35 numbers published the first year (began Jan. 1909), but with No. 31 it was issued every week. The last number was 58, June 24, 1910.

In an era when every novel cover was done in full color, *The Boys' Home Weekly* was issued with black-and-white drawings between yellow top and bottom borders. This weekly, 32 pages, size 8 x 10, ran to 40 numbers, reprinting stories by Horatio Alger, Jr. (always a good bet) and other writers of boys' stories, G. A. Henty, Oliver Optic, Captain Marryat.

Another publication of Westbrook might have been completely overlooked if Ralph Smith had not mentioned it in an article, "Reprints—Some Were and Some Were Not," by Ralph and the late W. M. Burns, published in *Ralph's Happy Hours Magazine*, the March-April 1933 issue:

"The current Westbrook 'Early Western Life Series' are wholly reprints of early Beadle's Dime Libraries. With two exceptions, the titles have all been changed. 'Trail of Gold' is a reprint of Beadle's Dime Library No. 22, 'Whitelaw, or, Nattie of the Lake Shore.' The two whose titles are not changed are, 'Three Fingered Jack' and 'The Silent Rifleman,' Nos. 28 and 110 respectively." Early West-

ern Life Series ran to 16 issues.

Westbrook also published some love stories, a Pirate Series of some 5 issues, paperback editions of Jesse James, My Father, by Jesse James, Jr., *The Man They Could Not Hang: The Marvelous Life Story of John Lee*, *Tricks With Cards*, *Magicians' Book of Conjuring*, *Riddles*, *Vaudeville Gags*, etc.

Many thanks to Ralph Cummings, who supplied some of the data used herein.

The End

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed: I've been enjoying each of the Dime Novel Roundups as it arrives. I find the history of the novels fascinating. I particularly enjoyed the article on the Beadles. I have read Sam Moskowitz's "Gaslight" collection and enjoyed it. I fancied I could feel the old paper while I was reading. Thank you for a very pleasant year. Best regards— Fred Cook, Sylvania, Ohio.

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## NEWSY NEWS

By Ralph F. Cummings

Oct. 6th, 1967, ye editor Ralph Cummings and Herbert Kenney of Framingham, Mass. took a trip up to Northport, Maine, via Lincolnville, for 3 weeks or more, but after 2 weeks, Bert was telephoned to come back to work, so we just had to cut it short, and head for home. I caught up on some of my reading while I was up there, Bert also. Bert can read 4 or 5 books at the same time, and enjoy them. I'm satisfied when I read one at a time. Bert believes he does more

John W. Machen, M.D., 6331 Bel-air Road, Baltimore, Md. 21206, likes thick Nick Carters. Says he has a nice collection of them, and also a few others. He has been practicing as an M.D. for almost 33 years, good for you, Doc.



## HISTORY OF THE HAPPY HOURS BROTHERHOOD and THE DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

By Ralph F. (Reckless Ralph) Cummings

It was the latter part of 1913 or 1914 that I read my first novel and I believe it was an old Secret Service about the Bradys, old and young. If I remember correctly, the story was an underground adventure with snakes and good sized ones at that.

I was on my father's milk route at the time, and there used to be several boys that wanted help out in peddling the milk. We peddled milk in Farnumville, Fisherville and Saundersville, small mill towns just south of Worcester, Massachusetts. As we made the rounds by horse and team and later by mule and milk wagon, the youngsters would talk about the wonderful adventures of Young Wild West, Old and Young King Brady, the Liberty Boys of '76 and others.

After a while I became interested and asked if I might have the loan of one of these novels; so sure enough, I had one and it was the Secret Service mentioned above.

There was a newsstand in town run by Eugene J. Lemaire and his father. There I started to buy the Frank Tousey big six, that is the ones I liked to read. My father, Ernest W. Cummings ran the Riverside Farm. My mother used to help him as well as raise us kids. I was the oldest and there was my sister, Mildred and my brother, Harold. A little later my father made ice cream and sold it both wholesale and retail, and believe me we were all busy. No dull moments and none of us could go anywhere, as we didn't have the time to go.

Of course my father had hired men who were paid by the month. They did the farming such as milking, planting, etc.

Along early in 1917 I believe it was, I saw an ad of Ralph P. Smith, Lawrence, Mass., that said he had old novels for sale at 20 for \$1.00 sent post-paid as they came. Believe you me, it didn't take me long to send him the \$1.00 and when I got them, oh boy, I had a picnic. And it wasn't long

before I sent for more of them. And such novels as I had never even heard of, such as Tip Top, Nick Carter, Buffalo Bill, Diamond Dick, Beadles Dime and Half Dime Libraries. No matter what they were, I enjoyed reading them. My father and mother were too busy to investigate my reading, and I'm glad they didn't although some years later my father got after me for reading the Dalton Boys, Far West Bandits and I laid off reading for 6 to 8 months, but came right back at it again, full force. He never said anything after that.

Coming back to novels again, I happened to see ads of other dealers stamped on the novels I was getting. I loved it at the time and every new ad I'd see, I'd write to the party and a few letters came back, but not many. And those I did hear from, I was able to get more old novels. I sure got some dandys at times. And so it went along. In the meantime Ralph Smith started to pay me visits every little while, and I was sure glad to see him. I read novels by the hundred and how I loved them. I read them on the milk route every chance I got. I read them while milking cows. I read them anywhere I could. You may wonder how I milked cows and read at the same time, well to make a story short, I had milking tubes and I used them on the poor cows while I read novels. If my father had caught me doing that, my sitdown would of gotten warmed up good, as it doesn't do a cow any good for tubes to be used all the time. It's o.k. if there aren't any sores on them. Year in and year out, it should not be done. Some time in 1918, William J. Benners of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania came up to Lawrence to visit a doctor friend of his and while up there, somehow or other, he was told about Ralph P. Smith. As Billy loved to read and collect these old novels and story papers, he paid Ralph a visit and then Ralph told him about me and it wasn't



long before he got down here. Ralph Smith and his wife came down with him as Billy didn't have a car. We sure had a fine time all around.

Along about 1923 I had gotten some small papers sent to me by the late L. C. Skinner of Pawtucket, R. I. These little pagelets or booklets, whatever you want to call them, were, I should judge, 3x4 inches in size with 8 or 10 pages. The name of the little paper was called the "Novel Exchanger's Union." Mr. Skinner was a member of the Union as was J. P. Guinon of Little Rock, Arkansas.

When Ralph Smith came down on one of his visits, I asked him what he thought of starting a dime novel club and have a magazine to go with it. He jumped at the idea, so in 1924 we had it all planned to start the Happy Hours Brotherhood and to publish the Happy Hours Magazines as the official organ.

Ralph Smith was to be the publisher and I was to be the president. The late Robert H. Smeltzer of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was vice president and William M. Burns of Rockland, Maine, and J. Edward Leithead were to be on the advisory board.

No. 1 of Happy Hours Magazine came out and was dated January-February 1925 and was published every two months.

The printer lived in Wisconsin and if I'm not mistaken the name was Pine Hill Printers. We started with only a few members, Ralph P. Smith, myself, Robert M. Rowan, John Ferguson, Robert H. Smeltzer, John Matula, J. R. Kohrt, Ralph F. Adimari, Earl Farmer and C. H. Blake. The first membership list was published in the May-June 1925 issue of Happy Hours Magazine. In June George Sahr joined up and he is still with us. Bob Smeltzer died a few years ago. C. H. Blake died quite a long while ago. He was a great story paper collector.

In the July-August 1925 issue, Thomas Kelly, William M. Kreling and

William L. Beck joined up. They are all dead now. The September-October issue announced memberships of George Kreling, Sam Nathan, James T. Adams, C. Young and Henry C. Ludwig, also all gone now. During November-December 1925 new members were Bob Frye, Richard Zorn, Frank T. Fries, C. A. McCarthy and Robert Burns. All are gone except Bob Frye and Robert Burns.

So you see since we started with only a few members back in 1925 we have grown some. I see by the current listing that there are now 283 members. If all members were counted, the list would come close to 1500. As of the end of 1925, there are still 7 of the old members still with us.

Somehow or other, William J. Beners didn't join the Brotherhood until late 1927. If I'm not mistaken he was traveling abroad when we started. He was a great traveler.

To be continued

### NOTE

In 1929 the John Day Company reprinted Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' *MAL-AESKA*, 69 years after it had appeared as the 1st Beadles Dime Novel. As a promotion gimmick they also published an 8 page pamphlet quoting excerpts from press reviews of the book. The pamphlet was bound in wrappers reproducing the original dime novel cover. Mr. Paul T. Jung of 126 Dolshire Drive, No. Syracuse, New York 13212, has a limited number of these pamphlets for sale at \$1.00 each or will trade for dime novels he needs.

## The MYSTERY LOVER'S NEWSLETTER

Bimonthly magazine for fans, collectors of mystery fiction. Articles on all aspects, from "pulp" to Holmes.

Many regular features.

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### MAILING LIST CHANGES

176. Library, SUNY Agricultural & Technical College, Morrisville, N. Y. 13403  
(From State Univ. of New York, Agricultural and Technical College, same city).

# RECENTLY PUBLISHED ARTICLES CONCERNING DIME NOVELS

The Markham Review, No. 2 March 1968, published by the Horrmann Library of Wagner College, Staten Island, New York 10301. DID DREISER CUT UP JACK HARKAWAY by Kenneth W. Scott. The article discusses the strong possibility that the Jack Harkaway stories published in Street & Smith's Medal Library were edited by Theodore Dreiser during the period 1904-06 when Dreiser was a member of the Street & Smith editorial staff. The footnotes to the article contain some excellent bibliographical data.

(Sent in by Paul Jung.)

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